

Good 573 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

PROJECTING A BRIGHT SUGGESTION FOR P.O. KEN BANKS

STUART MARTIN relates how a Society Clergyman fell from grace to forgery and died at Tyburn

Condemned Parson shut Cell Door of Escape

I KNOW of only one instance in which a man convicted and sentenced to death refused to escape from prison when offered an apparently water-tight plan his friends had concocted. That man was a clergyman, convicted of forgery.

Forgery, you must know, has always been an offence on which the law sat hard. It was a capital offence for centuries. Why, when a Bill was brought into Parliament by Sir, not the lawyers, who caused Samuel Romilly, in 1810, to the law to be changed. Many

The most bitter opponents of the Bill were the lawyers, often compromised with the Old Lord Chesterfield selected

the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice. Lord Ellenborough pictured terrible things happening "if any attempt was made to alter laws which a century had proved to be necessary." Those were his words.

It was the same with forgery. No guilty person could then hope to escape the gallows which hanged the culprit in

In the years between 1805 and 1818 there were 207 executions for forgery. Tyburn did great business.

It was before this date—to be exact, in 1777—that Dr. Dodd, the clergyman I have mentioned, fell from grace. He was a cultured man, had been a Wrangler at Cambridge, was the son of a clergyman, and was well known for his charitable work in London.

He was one of the promoters of Magdalene Hospital, and also of the Humane Society, goods, it was thrown out by the pleaded they "could not re-House of Lords.

Even the bankers chaplain-in-ordinary to the King member." Even the bankers often compromised with the Old Lord Chesterfield selected culprit rather than send him to him as tutor for his son.

But Dr. Dodd lived extravagantly. He was ambitious, too, and wanted the valuable cure of St. George's, Hanover Square. He tried to get this by what was termed "backstairs" methods. He wrote to a Lady of the Court and offered her £3,000 if he was presented. That killed him socially.

The letter was handed over to the King (George III) and Dodd was struck off the list of his chaplains.

By this time, owing to his way of living, many debts had accumulated. It is recorded that, in order to make money, he "descended so low as to become the editor of a newspaper." He got lower than even that.

He was so sorely pressed by creditors that he forged the name of the new Lord Chesterfield (his old pupil) to a bond for £4,200. Some usurers would not accept the bond, but one, a Mr. Robertson, did. When the bond was presented for payment, Lord Chesterfield repudiated it. Both Robertson and Dodd were arrested. Robertson was later set free.

Dr. Dodd at once tried to make restitution, declaring that all he had wanted to do was to tide himself over a period, and the forgery was his only way of temporarily meeting claims. He had forgotten the bond would be presented so quickly. He returned £3,000. He gave a cheque on his bankers for £700, and a bill of sale on his furniture for £400, and altogether the entire £4,200 was made up.

But although this was done, Lord Chesterfield would not stir a finger to help the wretched clergyman, his previous tutor.

Arraigned before a jury, it took only five minutes to decide Dodd's fate. He was sentenced to death.

Dodd's friends, and the public, took up the case and pleaded for some reduction of the rigid sentence. Petitions, one drawn up by Dr. Johnson, were sent to the King and Queen. The Lord Mayor of London and the Common Council went in a body to St. James's Palace to beg for mercy.

They didn't get any—and the reason really was that two men had previously been executed for a similar offence, although there was considerable evidence that the two were innocent. If those two were executed, why should Dr. Dodd be treated more leniently?

The execution took place at Tyburn. It has been stated in some records that Dodd preached his own funeral sermon. That is not quite accurate. What really happened was that he delivered an address to his fellow prisoners in Newgate Prison while waiting for execution. He chose the text from Psalm II, 3, "I acknowledge my faults; and my sin is ever before me."

That sermon was delivered when the petitions for him



We called at 340, Bishopton Road, Morden, Surrey, to get a view your wife, Ken. She showed us a local paper, which you will no doubt receive in due course, which included an article on the local Gaumont. Their reporter had interviewed the Gaumont's assistant projectionist; yes, we do mean your wife, and a good job he's made of it, too.

We did find out that the family spent a very quiet Christmas and enjoyed the company of Aunt Nan and Uncle Bob. While your wife was thinking of what to tell us, her father took over the role of the interviewed, and related what he had done at Christmas.

When we had sorted out everything he had told us, we realised that the Angel he had been talking about was the pub you will probably remember, and that Harry was the manager of the said tavern!

It appears that we were not the first news hounds to inter-

Mrs. Banks finished her message to you, Ken, by saying that it was very strange without you at Christmas, and she hopes it will not be long before she can prepare the celebrations for your homecoming. Until then she sends you all her love, Ken.

were being signed. It was As was usual then, those later published; and, curiously who were considered bad enough, so was another address malefactors were chained to the floor, some to the wall. Dr. Dodd was chained

While he was in Newgate his friends devised a perfect scheme to get him free. The prison keeper, Ackerman by name, allowed the Doctor to have books, papers, and a writing desk. A female servant brought him his food every day, and it is stated that the doctor gave much of his rations away to prisoners who had no means of getting more than the scanty prison fare.

But the whole structure of the plan for his escape hinged on a peculiar circumstance. The female who brought him the food was rather a mannish person. She was, in frame, and indeed in looks, too, not unlike Dr. Dodd. The prisoner's friends dressed this woman up in his wig and gown, and were surprised at the likeness. It was this dressing-up that started the plot. The servant was willing to co-operate to the best of her ability.

She was to enter the prison clad in her own garments, but with the disguise concealed. When she was with Dr. Dodd she was to don the gown and wig, seat herself at the writing desk, and he was to take her cloak and hood and go away with the empty dishes.

It could have been done easily enough, for there was not too much supervision in Newgate. The prisoners had a more or less free hand in many ways. They mixed, men and women, in one big yard (and children, too), and "trusties" among them were allowed to buy food outside if anybody had the money to buy it.



WE found all your family at home when we called at Wilson told her to "watch the birdie," and the rather strained expression is the result. Ann afterwards complained that she couldn't see the birdie, which just goes to show that you can't please everyone.

There was your mother, your three sisters, Freda, Muriel and Audrey, your nephew Tony, and niece Ann. We also met your brother-in-law, Arthur, who, when we asked what relation he was to the family, said he was your boozing partner!

He asked us to let you know that the Rose and Crown is still his favourite haunt. It was then that Mother told tales out of school, when she said that Arthur and Dad had drunk so much at the Christmas holiday that the place had had to close!

Ann is concentrating rather hard on the camera in the photograph, isn't she, Les?

Like all photographers, "Fuse" now, but that she is looking forward to that bottle you are bringing home.

Your sister, Muriel, asked us to let you know that she has now got the key of her house and will shortly be moving back. The repair men have done a lot to mend the damage the house sustained, but, says Muriel, the front door looks like paper.

We had to get your home news in rather a hurry, Les, for the day we chose for our visit coincided with the day the family chose for a visit to the pantomime at Croydon Empire. We fancied the grown-ups were looking forward to their visit just as much as the children, so in order not to detain them any longer, we got their love and kisses for you, Les, and left them to it.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

What happens when thieves fall out and take to poisoning each other is vividly told in this yarn by JACK LONDON

JUST MEAT

HE strolled to the corner and glanced up and down the intersecting street, but saw nothing save the oases of light shed by the street lamps at the successive crossings. Then he strolled back the way he had come. He was a shadow of a man, sliding noiselessly and without undue movement through the semi-darkness. Also he was very alert, like a wild animal in the jungle, keenly perceptive and receptive. The movement of another in the darkness about him would need to have been more shadowy than he to have escaped him.

In addition to the running advertisement of the state of affairs carried to him by his senses, he had a subtler perception, a *feel*, of the atmosphere around him. He knew that the house in front of which he paused for a moment contained children. Yet by no willed effort of perception did he have this knowledge. For that matter, he was not even aware that he knew, so occult was the impression. Yet, did a phenomena, and through his mind

moment arise in which action, in flitted the thought, "Wanted to relation to that house, were know what time." In another house one room was lighted. The light burned dimly and steadily, on the assumption that it contained children. He was not and he had the feel that it was a sick-room.

He was especially interested in a house across the street in the middle of the block. To this house he paid most attention. No matter what way he looked, nor what way he walked, his looks and his steps always returned to it. Except for an open window above the porch, there was nothing unusual about the house. Nothing came in nor out. Nothing happened. There were no lighted windows, nor had lights appeared and disappeared in any of the windows. Yet it was the central point of his consideration. He rallied to it each time after a divination of the state of the neighbourhood.

Despite his feel of things, he was not confident. He was supremely conscious of the precariousness of his situation. Though unperturbed by the footfalls of the chance pedestrian, he was as keyed up and sensitive and ready to be startled as any timorous deer. He was aware of the possibility of other intelligences prowling about in the darkness—intelligences similar to his own in movement, perception, and divination.

Far down the street he caught a glimpse of something that moved. And he knew it was no late home-goer, but menace and danger. He whistled twice

to the house across the street, by; then he returned the way he then faded away shadow-like to had come. He whistled once to the corner and around the corner. Here he paused and looked about time whistled once again. There he peered back around the corner and as there had been warning in the studied the object that moved and previous double whistle.

He saw a dark bulk outline itself on the roof of the porch and slowly descend a pillar. Then it came down the steps, passed through the small iron gate, and went down the side-walk, taking on the form of a man. He that watched kept on his own side of the street and moved on abreast to the corner, where he crossed over and joined the other. He was quite small alongside the man he accosted.

"How'd you make out, Matt?" he asked.

The other grunted indistinctly, and walked on in silence a few steps.

"I reckon I landed the goods," he said.

Jim chuckled in the darkness, and waited for further information. The blocks passed by under their feet, and he grew impatient.

"Well, how about them goods?" he asked. "What kind of a haul did you make, anyway?"

"I was too busy to figger it out, but it's fat. I can tell you that much, Jim, it's fat. I don't dast to think how fat it is. Wait till we get to the room."

Jim looked at him keenly under the street lamp of the next crossing, and saw that his face was a

trifle grim and that he carried his left arm peculiarly.

"What's the matter with your arm?" he demanded.

"The little cuss bit me. Hope I don't get hydrophobia. Folks get hydrophobia from manbit sometimes, don't they?"

"Gave you fight, eh?" Jim asked encouragingly.

The other grunted.

"You're harder'n hell to get information from," Jim burst out irritably. "Tell us about it. You ain't goin' to lose money just a-tellin' a guy."

"I guess I choked him some," came the answer. Then, by way of explanation, "He woke up on me."

"You did it neat. I never heard a sound."

"Jim," the other said with seriousness, "it's a hangin' matter. I fixed 'm. I had to. He woke up on me. You an' me's got to do some layin' low for a spell."

Jim gave a low whistle of comprehension.

"Did you hear me whistle?" he asked suddenly.

"Sure. I was all done. I was just comin' out."

"It was a bull. But he wasn't on a little bit. Went right by an' kept a-paddin' the hoof out a sight. Then I come back an' gave you the whistle. What made you take so long after that?"

"I was waitin' to make sure," Matt explained. "I was mighty glad when I heard you whistle again. It's hard work waitin'. I just sat there an' thought an' thought . . . oh, all kinds of things. It's remarkable what a fellow'll think about. And then there was a darn cat that kept movin' around the house an' botherin' me with its noises."

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

5. What and where is the taiga?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Chant, Cantiata, Chianti, Canticle, Chanty.

Answers to Quiz in No. 572

1. Knubs is waste raw silk, nail parings, stalks of currants and raisins, pips of pomegranates?

2. What is the name given to a play in which the actors are all silent?

3. Who is the traditional inventor of the screw?

4. Of what planet is Hesperus an alternative name at certain seasons?

1. Flower.
2. Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal.
3. Fifty.
4. Fair Island.
5. Mould.
6. Enquire begins with an "E"; others with an "I."

USELESS EUSTACE



"You're tellin' me there's a suspected gambling joint in Little Easy Street, Chief!"

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WHEN top-spinning was the schoolboy rage forty years ago, young William Green was champion of his form.

Recently, middle-aged Mr. Green, scientist and research chemist, wound a frayed piece of string round a peg-top, set it spinning with a practised gesture—and brought down the house.

The top spun and spun. It spun on the polished floor of the Faraday Lecture Hall of the Royal Institution, London, W., where the world's scientists have propounded their most learned and abstruse theories.

Mr. Green picked it up—and still it spun. It spun in the palm of his hand, and spun as fast as ever as he slipped it on to the Astronomer Royal's table.

As it spun to a standstill his audience were breathless—spellbound. So was the Astronomer Royal, who was giving the first of a special children's lectures on "Astronomy in Our Daily Life."



HE discussed the sun, the moon, the stars—the universe. He demonstrated with a 25ft. pendulum, telescopes, and outsize globe, gyroscopes, and a model of the solar system. His audience of five hundred children were rapt.

But Mr. Green and his top stole the show. Mr. Green lives at Mill Hill, N.W. "William's dexterity with a spinning top is a survival of his school days," Mrs. Green proudly told reporters later.

"He never practises at home. At the Royal Institution his work is with test tubes and Bunsen burners and matters very remote from tops."

Ah, me! 'Tis topsy turvy times we live in!



MRS. MARTIN: "I got big-hearted this morning and gave a bum five bob."

Mrs. Smith: "What did your husband say about it?"

Mrs. Martin: "Thanks."

WANGLING WORDS—512

1. Insert consonants in *O**A**Y and *I*A**Y and get two districts in France.

2. Here are two Irish towns whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

NILLEB — STAFBUD.

3. If "depend" is the "pen" of reliance, what is the pen of (a) Swings, (b) Clothes, (c) Hanging?

4. Find the two British railroads (initials) hidden in: Drink this—it will nerve you for the job and stop you going wrong.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 511

- HANOVER, SAXONY.
- HENRY—ALFRED.
- (a) Atone, (b) Astonish.
- Hall, C-or-rid-or.

JANE

Jane has found a romantic old castle outside the deserted German village...



(More to-morrow)

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Answers to Puzzle Parade in No. 572

Answer to Young Charlie.

continuous line; others cannot.

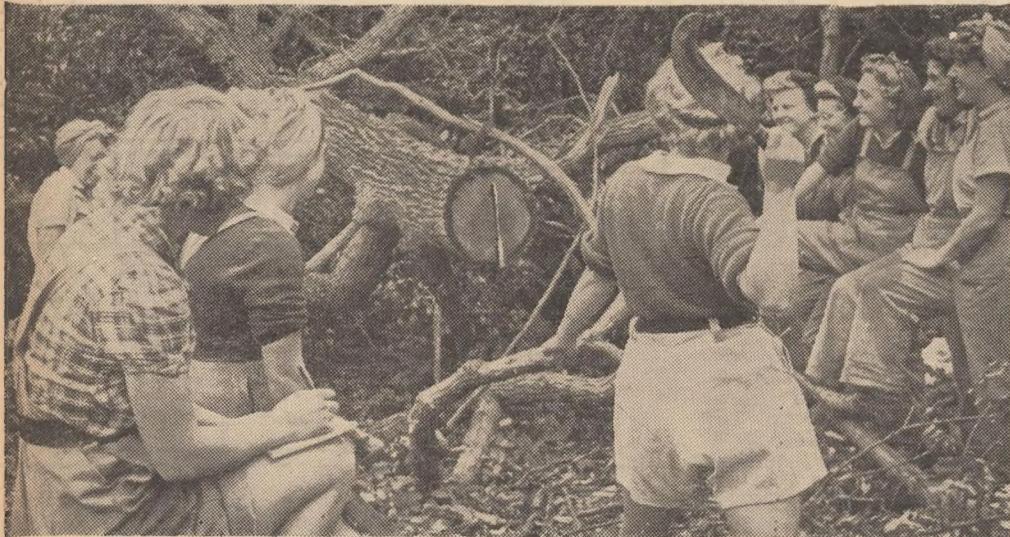
3. Both are crystalline, dissolve in water, white or transparent, non-poisonous, obtained from natural sources, used in cooking, obtainable at grocers.

4. 7 persons. (Father, mother, son; mother's two brothers and their son and daughter, respectively.)

Answer to Young Charlie.

Good Morning

David MacLellan (Mac, to you, from now on), who takes many of the "Good Morning" pictures, tells us that these popsies, whose job is cutting wood for charcoal burning, are Dead-eye Dicks at throwing the bill-hook. So don't tell us that we didn't warn you !



WHY EVER DOES ONE SAY
"POOR" FISH !



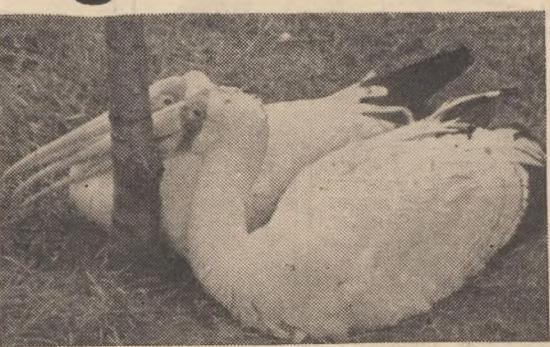
Bing Crosby gives us the choice of "swinging on a star," or "growing up to be a fish ! We hereby proclaim that we're more than willing to be a fish if we can have a guarantee that we'll be quickly landed by Gene Tierney, 20th Century Fox bait-dangler. And to think that some fish actually struggle to get away !



"He follows her to school each day" — but this time it's not against the rule, for Rex is the schoolmistress's dog. Rex, you can bet, quickly became the kiddies' favourite at this school, near Boston, in Lincolnshire. The children give Rex the dregs of their mid-morning milk — so the children have quickly become Rex's favourites, also.



HOME IS WHERE YOUR HEART IS — and this picture of Easington, Co. Durham, spells Home to L/S. G. W. Calvert, of "Severn." If you want to see a picture of YOUR home-town in "Good Morning," just drop us a line. We'll do the rest — and happy to do it.



The office Zoo Man swears these birds are Marabou Storks. That be hanged for a tale — they're just Darby and Joan to us !

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Resting-up between chimney raids — if you ask me."

